Further I ſay, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently like a traitour coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of bloud,
Which bloud, like ſacrificing Abels cries,
Euen from the tongueleſſe Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iuſtice and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This arme ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.
King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares,
Thomas of Norfolke what ſaiſt thou to this?
Mowb. Oh let my ſoueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlaunder of his bloud,
How God and good men hate ſo foule a lier.
King. Mowbray, impartial are our eies and eares,
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers ſonne,
Now by ſcepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearenes to our ſacred bloud
Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize
The vnſtooping firmneſſe of my vpright ſoule,
He is our ſubiect Mowbray, ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and fearleſſe I to thee allow.
Mowb. Then Bollingbrooke as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat thou lieſt,
Three parts of that receipte I had for Callice,
Diſburſt I to his highneſſe Souldiours,
The other part reſerv'de I by conſent,
For that my ſoueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,
I ſlew him not, but to mine owne diſgrace
Neglected my ſworne dutie in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaſter,